

HANDSOME HARRY

STORIES OF LAND AND SEA.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the N. Y. Post Office by Frank Tousey.

No. 14.

NEW YORK, APRIL 28, 1899.

Price 5 Cents.



Samson distinguished himself by lifting up the policeman with one hand and shaking him like a stick. The people in the gallery shouted, yelled, whistled and screamed.

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Handsome Harry in London

OR,
THE MAN OF MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HANDSOME HARRY."

CHAPTER I.

ENGLAND.

How it got noised about goodness only knows, for there were no ocean telegraphs in those days; but certain it is that days before the Spitfire reached our shores it was currently reported that the great pirate, Handsome Harry, captain of the mysterious ship, was taken, and was coming home.

The papers were full of it, and that all-wondrous being, our special correspondent, raked up all sorts of things which were true, and many more that were not true, and sent them up for the public to gloat over while it sat at breakfast and comfortably ate its muffin.

Every man who read promptly formed himself, as is our impartial custom, into judge and jury, and the verdict was universal.

Guilty!

Of course he was—how could he be innocent? Did not the daily penny Blusterer point out certain facts in the history of this criminal young man which must and should lead him to the gallows? And the Swearhard, both in its morning and evening editions, compared him to Morgan, and half a hundred other filibusters and piratical murderers of the deep.

"The country ought to congratulate it-

self," wrote the Swearhard, "upon the energy and daring of Captain Grover, who has, almost single-handed, entrapped this cunning villain, whose ravages have extended from the fierce sunny clime of South America to the cold steppes of Russia. Hitherto men have heard with apprehension, women with trembling, and children with cries of terror, of this monster of the sea; but now all will rejoice at his appearance, for he is a captive, and the toils about him are not likely to be easily loosed."

Thus wrote one of the sages of the Swearhard, but the Blusterer was more cautious, acting with its usual discretion, by placing an "if" before all its surmises: "If" he has been guilty of all the charges, and at present there was nothing to disprove them, then "if" the jury would find him guilty, he would, if the clemency of the high authorities was not sought and obtained, inevitably swing, and richly deserve his fate; and so on—the surmises swaying the public, and the "ifs" being utterly ignored.

At the clubs, in the streets, in the public-houses, in every house, the return of the pirate was discussed, and news of the Spitfire eagerly looked for. Special correspondents were down by the coast, with apartments at convenient inns, which gave them a view of the sea, and there they sat, picking up scraps of idle gossip and inventing more, until in the midst of the ferment the Spitfire came home.

LOUIS DAVIDSON,
1817 CLIFTON ST.,
BALTIMORE, M.D.

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They brought her up at Dover, and an eager crowd rushed down to the landing stage, longing to get a view of the mighty ruffian, and presently a boat put off with six rowers and half a dozen men or so in the stern.

Then the excitement was terrific, and two of the specials were crushed flat against the pier, at which they swore, and made mental notes to make comments upon the bad arrangement of the Dover authorities. Nearer came the boat—it touched the steps, and out stepped an iron-gray-headed man in a captain's uniform and a handsome youth in a sailor's garb.

Thereupon the specials made notes to the effect that Captain Grover and his son were the first to land, with the object of getting an escort from the authorities to take the ruffians to prison; but five minutes after they had gone away in a cab the sailors let out the secret that the handsome youth was the pirate in question, and that he had volunteered to go at once before a magistrate.

That handsome youth the notorious pirate? Impossible!

But the sailors swore that it was true, and the specials had to alter their first notes.

They then conveyed to their readers that Captain Grover, with a discretion which did him great credit, disguised the prisoner and got him ashore without observation, thereby saving him from the violence of a justly indignant crowd; and although Captain Grover afterward wrote to the Swearhard and the Blusterer to say that he had never considered disguise necessary, the editors very wisely, as far as they were concerned, decided upon not printing his letters. This, however, by the way.

A second boat brought ashore the witnesses for the defence, Ching-Ching and that wondrous witness Samson being naturally most conspicuous. A few of the intelligent observers at once put down Samson as a cannibal, whose office on board the pirate craft had been to stow away the remains of the slain; but Ching-Ching was a puzzle to them, as he bowed and smiled at everybody, very much like some foreign potentate in the height of a grand reception.

He was particularly affable to a policeman who was standing by, right at the end of the

landing stage, and stopped to shake hands with him and inquire after his family, which rather took the man in blue aback, as he was a single man—pledged, however, to be married to the girl of his heart on Sunday next.

As the crowd was not certain of the true position of our friends, whether they were for or against the pirate, the cheers and hoots were at first about evenly divided; but the hoots gave way to cheers when they all walked boldly up to a hotel and entered, Ira Staines leading the way.

"Can I have rooms here?" he said.

"For how many, sir?" asked the barmaid, politely.

"For five," he said. "We are witnesses in the Belvedere case, and may have to remain some days."

That was enough. Such people are worth any money, and they were shown into fairish apartments on the first floor. Eddard, however, rather scandalized the party by calling the waiter "sir," and "hoping that he didn't intrude;" but Ching-Ching pushed him into a corner and told him to go to sleep.

"And member dis," he said, "dat for once you are in s'ciety, and on de ekal footing wif genlymen like Samson and myself, so don't you go and spoil de business, and bring down contemp from a waiter."

"I'm ashamed of you, Eddard," said Bill Grunt, who himself had been in doubt as to whether the waiter was the proprietor of the place, or only a fashionable visitor.

"You had better not say anything," said Ira; and Eddard, thus sat upon, curled up and was silent.

"Dere am a lot ob people outside," said Ching-Ching, going to the window. "Sammy, dere am a bottle ob water on de table; trow it ober dem."

"For goodness' sake be quiet, unless you want to be murdered," said Ira Staines.

"Sammy," said Ching-Ching, severely; "put dat bottle down, and jest for once in your life hab a lilly descretion. You am so reckless and thoughtless."

"Didn't you tell me, Chingy——"

"Oh, Sammy, don't be perwerse; but put dat bottle down. Many ob dem British lines hab de strongest bobjections to cold water. I tink I jest make dem a lilly speech."

"I think you will do nothing of the sort,"

said Ira. "Cannot you be sensible for once in your life? You are the most aggravating wretch on the face of the earth."

"All dis comes through your taking hold ob dat bottle, Sammy," said Ching-Ching; "but I forgib you; let us say no more about it."

So they sat down, and were quiet until a messenger brought in a letter from Handsome Harry, addressed to Ira Staines. He opened and read it attentively.

"Gone to London, as they have no jurisdiction here," he mused; "sure to be sent for for trial; will reserve his defence, and we need not move for a few days. Well and good. What is this?—a P. S.: 'Tom True, true to his friendship, is with me.' Of course he is, but I do wish that Harry would think less of Tom, and more of—— Pshaw! I ought to be above jealousy, and I will be."

CHAPTER II.

SAMSON RECEIVES INSTRUCTIONS.

"Sammy," said Ching-Ching, as the two sat alone on the following morning, "am you aware ob de persition you am in?"

"Dat I am," replied Samson, looking at the chair he was sitting on, "I am a-squatting on dis piece ob furniture."

"Dat not what I mean, Sammy. I 'lude to your position as a witness ob de defence ob Missa Harry."

Samson took a little time to think, and was obliged to confess that his ignorance on the matter was profound; in fact, he had never thought upon it.

"Dat just what I 'spect," said Ching-Ching; now, Sammy, listen to me."

"Yes, Chingy."

"Am you prepared to take de oaf dat you will gib de whole trufe according to de ebidence, and noting but de ebidence, so help you in de usual way ob speaking."

"I do not know zackly what you mean, Chingy."

"Sammy," said Ching-Ching, "you hab gib me great pain, for from you ob all de witnessses dat eber lib I 'spect de trufe."

"But I not goin to tell no lies," pleaded Sammy.

"And yet you not certain what you goin' to say; dat is so, Sammy, am it not?"

"I say whateber I am asked," said Samson.

"In dat case," said Ching-Ching, in a decided tone, "you will be hung afore you are a munf older, or praps drawn and quartelled, like de King John, and him broder Richard de Fif."

Samson turned white under his dark skin, and Ching-Ching, perceiving that he had made an impression, proceeded to further improve the occasion.

"I must gib you a morally maximum," he said, "which my farder, who was mix up wif de law from infancy, and eben now am working for it—it was a morally maximum ob him dat when once you get into de witness-box, neber come out ob it until you hab made de judge swar at you, and de judy larf. Dat done, you am sure to gain de day."

"How you do dat, Chingy?"

"'Pends on de position, and de nature ob de ebidence," said Ching-Ching; "de easiest part am to make de judge swar, for you hab only to say sunfin stupid, and to stick to it, to bring him wool up, but de judy am a different ting. Dey are men who feel de 'portance ob dere being de representatles ob de liberties ob de country, and most ob 'em come in dere Sunday clothes, which makes 'em feel a lilly stiff and solum; but if you seize de point at de right moment, you get a rise out ob dem, and de victory am ober."

"What am de witness-box?" asked Samson.

"De witness-box," replied his counsellor and friend, "am de box dat dey put you into."

"But if dey put me into de box, Chingy, how dey hear me, eh?"

Ching-Ching surveyed his friend with unqualified admiration, and shook hands with him warmly.

"It a great ting," he said, "in dis world ob cunning and lying, to meet wif one who hab not been in de witness-box."

"Your fader was dere, Chingy?"

"My fader," replied Ching-Ching, "was a berry unfortunate man, and generally got into de wrong box when he was not 'lowed to gib ebidence; but I must not tink ob dat, Sammy, for de memories ob de past so often

fetch me up dat I grow thinner ebery day, and I want a lilly helping up. Ring de bell, Sammy."

This office was performed, and the waiter appeared with the accustomed napkin upon his arm.

"What drinks hab you?" asked Ching-Ching.

"All sorts," replied the man.

"Den," said Ching-Ching, "I hab de Pekin cocktail."

The waiter looked puzzled, and brushed away some imaginary dust from the table as an assistance to an excuse.

"That's a furrin drink," he said. "I don't think we keep it, sir. It's a compound drink, too, sir, I believe."

"It not de ting for you to call dat a compound drink," said Ching-Ching, sternly. "How dare you swear at de favorite drink ob de Remperor ob Pekin?"

The waiter begged pardon. He was sorry that the gentleman misunderstood him, but he did not mean to swear.

"Neber mind," said Ching-Ching, loftily. "Bring me a cobbler wax."

"A what, sir?" asked the waiter, staggered.

"A cobbler wax made wif sherry."

"Oh, a sherry cobbler, sir! Yes, sir!" and the waiter hurried out of the room, anxious to escape from further mysterious orders.

The sherry cobbler was brought, with two straws in it, and Ching-Ching gave one to Samson, after dismissing the waiter.

"Now, Sammy," said Ching-Ching, "de proper way to get on wif de sherry cobbler wax is to put de straw in it at one end and de oder in your mouf. Den hold your breafe, and wait until de drink comes."

"All right, Chingy," said the all-confiding Samson.

"Now we will begin," said Ching-Ching, "and start fair. Put de straw in your mouf, and hold your breafe."

Sammy did as he was told, and of course gained nothing. Ching-Ching sucked quietly, but vigorously, and emptied the glass of everything but a few pieces of ice and the piece of lemon.

"Ah, Sammy," he said, "ain't him nice?"

"Me not taste him," replied Samson.

"Now, Sammy, will you swear dat in de

face ob de glass bein' empty? Look at him?" "Yes, him am empty, Chingy, but me not taste him."

"You sure dat?"

"Yes, Chingy."

"Den you will do for de trial," said Ching-Ching triumphantly, "for if you stick to dat you stick to anyting. Ring de bell, Sammy."

It was done, and when the waiter appeared a second cobbler wax was ordered. The waiter took upon himself to suggest that "sherry cobbler" was the proper name for it, and received in reply the staggering assurance that Ching-Ching's father invented the drink, and sent a tub of it to the Emperor of Pekin on his birthday; and therefore Ching-Ching ought to know better than the waiter what its proper title was.

The second sherry cobbler was brought, and the straws placed in it as before.

Samson again followed the instructions given him, and as a natural consequence did not even moisten his lips.

"Am dat berrer dan de last, Sammy?"

"Me not know," replied Samson; "me not taste him."

Ching-Ching cast an angry eye upon him and dashed down his straw.

"Sammy," he said, "you will be hung afore de munf am out. You carry de joke too far. Not taste him! Do you mean to inciddlewate dat I drink 'em both?"

"Oh, no, Chingy—but me not taste him."

"Ring dat bell, Sammy," said Ching-Ching; "I try a third, and if you not taste dat, I put you on to anoder drink."

"P'r'aps dat de berrer, Chingy."

The bell was rung and a third order given. The waiter hesitated a moment as if he was not quite certain about executing it, but he eventually retired, and brought the drink.

"Now," said Ching-Ching, "I hab a witness dis time, as my pribate callackter am at stake. Go on, Sammy."

The deluded Samson thrust in his straw, and waited for the sherry cobbler to run into his anxious mouth; but not a drop came, and Ching-Ching at once emptied the glass.

"Now, Sammy," he said, "how like you dat one?"

"Me not taste him," replied Samson, despairingly.

"Not taste him," said Ching-Ching, turn-

ing to the waiter; "you hear dat? And yet it lyin' in my bosom which de crack of de am all gone." Howly Imposition couldn't get out ob me, and dis sentence am one ob dem."

"I don't think, sir," replied the waiter, "at least it seemed to me that the dark gentleman didn't su——"

"Go and get him some brandy and water," interrupted Ching-Ching.

"Sorry to say I can't, sir," replied the waiter, nervously.

"The American gentleman as is answerable for the expenses said as you warn't to have more than a drink apiece afore he come back," replied the waiter, "and the barmaid let you have a third on her own account because you are such a haffable gent."

"I knew dere was somefin angelicum in dat fair young cretur," returned Ching-Ching; "gib her my lub. So de Melican genlyman said as we wasn't to hab more dan a drink apiece?"

"That was his order."

"Ah," said Ching-Ching, sadly, "he hab forgotten de day when my farder's house was open to him, and de wine was alus on de table. 'Hab what you like,' my farder say, and my moder, who was de most hosperiteral woman dat eber lib, passed round de seed cake until her arm ake. Dat was de sort ob cake to melt in your mouf, wasn't it, Sammy?"

Samson, who had been deeply meditating on being deprived of his drink, woke up with a start, and in the hurry of the moment said:

"Dat so, Chingy."

"De comfort and de blessing dat dat home was to Missa Staines," pursued Ching-Ching, "and de way he use to take in eberyting dat he could lay him hands on was——"

"What!" exclaimed the individual referred to, who for the past few minutes had been standing quietly in the room.

"De way dat you used to take up eberyting dat you could put your hands on," continued Ching-Ching, unabashed, "was only ekalled by de way you used to put 'em down again."

"But that was not what you were going to say," said Ira. "Waiter, you may go. Now that the man in gone," continued Ira, as the door closed, "have the goodness really to finish your sentence."

"Missa Staines," said Ching-Ching, in his most dignified style, "dere am some things

lyin' in my bosom which de crack of de Howly Imposition couldn't get out ob me, and dis sentence am one ob dem."

"Look you here, my friend," said Ira, "don't you try to humbug me, or I will stop your drink altogether."

"You much too tender-hearted for dat, Missa Staines."

"I don't know that," said Ira. "I don't like being accused of all sorts of things behind my back."

"Just what I tell, Sammy," returned Ching-Ching, "just 'fore you come in. Whatever you do, Sammy, I say, don't say nuffin agin Missa Staines, when him out ob de room, but when he come back say it to him face, out and out, man to man."

"But I nuffin to say, Chingy," said Samson.

"Oh, I see," said Ching-Ching, putting his head on one side and looking very much like a magpie, "dat whar I made de mistake. De best ting you do, Sammy, is to beg de pardon ob Missa Staines, and p'raps he say no more about it."

"I've nothing to say about it as it is," said Ira, "except this, that if I hear anything more like what I heard to-day I'll stop your drink."

With this final warning he left the room.

"It strordinary what blunders you make, Sammy," said Ching-Ching; "but you am de clebrest chap in the world at getting out ob dem again. You quite a genus, Sammy."

"I am bery dry," replied Samson.

"Come to de bar," said Ching-Ching, seizing him by the arm, "and let us hab a lilly talk with de lubly barmaid."

The little talk ended in a further triumph for Ching-Ching. Samson got his drink, and the two went out to admire the natives upon the beach.

CHAPTER III.

THE COMMITTAL.

Tom True—no longer Tom True to the world, but Tom Darnley—was indeed faithful to his old friend; although he had regained wealth and position and stood in dan-

ger of losing it forever if Harry was convicted, he was too sound of heart to encourage even the thought of such a miserable thing.

Sir Darnley Darnley was staunch, too, and father and son had been busy in endeavoring to gain a pardon, or rather an acknowledgment of his innocence in high quarters; but they had met with coldness everywhere, and it had been pointed out to them how much better it would be to ignore such a very disreputable acquaintance. At this they said "No!" and stood by him.

On Harry's arrival in London he was at once taken before a magistrate and examined. The witnesses brought against him were mostly agents of the government, who proved that the Belvedere was not a registered ship, that she was not a trader, and that the prisoner, her captain, had sailed with her all over the world, carrying heavy guns, and a crew of suspicious characters most of whom had been deserters from the royal navy.

Captain Grover simply proved the pursuit of the Belvedere, and the arrest of Harry. He gave his evidence briefly and methodically, sparing Harry whenever he could, and not pressing a single point which might have looked black against him.

The government solicitor, who conducted the case, said there was not as yet sufficient evidence to prove actual robbery and murder, but he hoped to have it forthcoming at the trial. He relied upon his committal of course, well knowing that the magistrate could do no less.

Harry, who defended himself, reserved his defence, and was committed for trial.

Then came the question of bail.

Sir Darnley Darnley stood forward and offered to go bail for the worth of his estate if need be—which was worth a good ten thousand a year—but even this would have been declined if the solicitor for the prosecution had pressed against it, for the offence was serious.

But he rather sided with the prisoner, and Captain Grover asked permission to state how Harry had behaved on parole, and this being given he told the magistrate how Harry had had at least a dozen chances of

making his escape, but had declined them all.

The magistrate, therefore, decided to accept bail, much to the indignation of the Blusterer and the Swearhard, both papers having prepared articles describing the prisoner in his cell, Damocles-like, with the sword of Justice suspended above his head. Both articles were, however, put aside for use after his conviction.

Sir Darnley urged our hero to have counsel at the trial, but he declined, as he said that he had no need of quibbles, and if the straightforward truth would not save him he would rather die.

"I shall rely upon my own defence, and my witnesses," he said; "if these fail, then the hangman can have me."

"But you will have powerful and learned men against you," urged Tom.

"Let them bring the whole bar, and I shall not quail before them."

Pending the trial they resolved to take up their abode in the Strand, at one of the hotels, Sir Darnley being the host, and Ching-Ching and the others were sent for.

They came promptly, bringing their luggage, Ching-Ching with his in a cigar box, as it looked more respectable than a handkerchief, and he, with Samson, Bill Grunt, and Eddard, were accommodated with lodgings in Norfolk street. Ira Staines went to the hotel.

Private apartments suited Ching-Ching to a hair, and on his arrival he struck terror into the heart of Mrs. Mant, the landlady, by walking upstairs on his hands instead of his feet; but that was his natural playfulness, although Eddard said it "wasn't manners."

One sitting-room only had been provided for the four, and this had wisely been taken at the back, to put a stopper upon tricks on the passers-by.

As soon as they got into the room, Ching-Ching's thoughts turned upon supper. They had traveled far that day, and with the exception of a few dozen buns and a plate or two of sandwiches, had partaken of nothing to sustain nature. He, therefore, rang the bell, and Mrs. Mant appeared.

"Bout dinner now," said Ching-Ching; "when will him be ready?"

"In a 'arf hour," replied Mrs. Mant.

"What hab you for us?"

"A leg of mutton and a batter pudding."

"Dat de sort," said Ching-Ching, with twinkling eyes; "how bout drink? I tink dat a few bottles ob beer, and one or two ob rum will do for to-night."

"No doubt," said Mrs. Mant, with a sarcastic sniff, "but I can't take orders from you."

"Why not?" asked Ching-Ching.

"Because I've got to 'lowance you," said Mrs. Mant; "there's a certain quantity of drinks to be served with each meal, and no more."

"Surely," said Ching-Ching, looking at her tenderly, "dat so lubly a creetur would neber 'lowance anybody."

"Indeed I will," said Mrs. Mant; "I've got my orders, and I shall act up to 'em."

"I nebber see such a likeness in my life," exclaimed Ching-Ching, looking at her earnestly; "Sammy, don't you see him?"

"Whar?" asked Samson, rather in a fog.

"To de lubly Spanish lady dat dance at Gibbleralter. Ah! de way dat woman twirl her lef leg 'bout was de delight ob tousands."

"I never did such a thing in all my life," said Mrs. Mant, tossing her head indignantly.

"Dat just whar you am so s'perior," returned the ever ready Ching-Ching; "de only blemish 'bout dat Spanish woman was de twirling ob de lef leg. Sammy, you 'member de bobservation dat I make at de time?"

"What time?" asked Sammy, more in a maze than ever.

"Oh, Sammy," said Ching-Ching, "you get worse every day, your memory am failing; you must hab a tonicks—de bobservation dat I make was to dis fact, 'take away dat woman's lef leg and she be perfeck,' and so she would hab been as perfeck as Missey Bant."

"Mant," said the landlady.

"Ah, Missey Mant," replied Ching-Ching, "I neber forget dat name while I lib in de walley ob woe. Did you say dat we was to hab two bottles ob rum?"

"No," said Mrs. Mant, who was not to be taken in, "you are to have a pint of beer apiece, and a quartern of rum; no more."

"Sure dat you send up no more?" asked Ching-Ching, with a playful wink.

"Not unless I get the orders—not even if you pay for it."

"Serb up de dinner, den," said Ching-Ching, with an injured air, "and if you find us all 'spiring on de staircase after it, take de blame."

With a disdainful toss of the head Mrs. Mant disappeared, and by the time specified the dinner appeared—well served and cooked and plenty of it for four.

But much as there was, they nearly bared the bone, and entirely finished the pudding. Then, as they drank their allowance of rum, they talked over how they should spend the evening.

"I should like to go to a theayter," said Eddard; "there's something good on at Drory Lane, by the picter on the boardings."

"You like to go, Sammy?" asked Ching-Ching.

"Bery much," said Sammy, and the thing was settled.

"We sure to want a lilly freshment while we are dere," said Ching-Ching, "and I tink I had berrer take dis."

He alluded to the mutton bone and a loaf of bread, which, in company with about two pounds of cheese wrapped up in a newspaper, and put into a very dingy silk handkerchief, which he brought out of his coat pocket, he put up his back. Then he rang the bell for the servant to clear away.

The girl who answered was a lodging-house slavey, of a feeble turn of mind, and when she beheld the table cleared of everything but the plates and knives and forks, she rushed downstairs to tell her missus that "them cannibals upstairs had eaten the leg of mutton, bone and all."

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE THEATRE.

Unconscious of the character they had acquired, the party of four sailed out and made for the theatre, Ching-Ching leading the way, as if he was well acquainted with the locality, and crossing the crowded Strand

with an expertness which proved that great and busy cities were no strangers to him.

On arriving at the gallery door they found about two hundred people already there, and Ching-Ching, who had fixed his heart upon a front seat, turned cold. But his genius came to his aid.

"Dat a big fire goin on," he said to a tall man in a fur cap who was chewing a straw.

"Wot fire?" demanded the man, and every ear was pricked up to catch what followed.

"Down at de bank by Temply Bar," replied Ching-Ching, carelessly; "dey are chucking de gold and silber into de street to sabe it from being melted."

The man in the fur cap spat out the straw and bolted off, followed by all the others, excepting our party of four, who, led by Ching-Ching, got up against the door. Other people speedily arrived, strangers to the story of the fire, and a very considerable crowd had gathered, before the man in the fur cap and his deluded followers returned.

They came back breathing vengeance, the man in the fur cap being especially loud in his denunciations, bearing upon what he would do to Ching-Ching, who, however, was safe for the present, shielded by the rush of pleasure-seekers, who stood close together, and would not budge an inch for anybody.

Bill Grunt had been appointed by Ching-Ching to take the tickets, with the assurance that they could settle by and by, and presently, the door opening, the crowd rushed in.

Eddard was knocked down at once, and but for Ching-Ching and Samson would have been crushed to death. They collared him, and keeping the crowd back with their elbows, followed Bill Grunt, who was the first at the pay place.

The tickets were taken, and away they tore straight to the front centre seats, and the crowd behind came pouring in until the gallery was full.

The man in the fur cap was nine seats up, and very much on one side, which so exasperated him, when he thought of the seat that he might have had but for the villainous Chinee, that he stood up to see if he could see him, with the object of wreaking a bitter revenge.

He speedily observed him standing up in the centre, taking a smiling view of those at the back of the gallery, as if their being there was their misfortune and not their crime, and from the bottom of his heart he pitied them.

"Let me come down there," said the man in the fur cap, addressing those in front of him.

"What for?" they asked.

"I want to go down to the front."

"Oh, yes," was the answer, "in course you do, and we don't want to go there neither. Do we? oh, no."

The proprietor of the fur cap saw that he was foiled of immediate vengeance, and prepared to let off a little steam by shouting:

"I say, Mr. Tea Chest," he roared.

Ching-Ching heard him and knew the voice, but he did not turn his head. The man in the fur cap leaned over to make himself heard, and fell into the next row.

An uproar ensued, violent hands were laid upon him, and he was pitched back into his seat. This didn't at all improve his temper, and he bawled out louder than before.

"I say, Mr. Tea Chest."

"Ah, dat you, my frien," said Ching-Ching, smiling upon him, "what a bery comfortable seat you hab up dere!"

"I'll wait upon you for it when we go out," replied fur cap. "You won't gammon people again in a hurry, I'll bet."

"What de marrer?" asked Ching-Ching.

"There warn't no fire," roared fur cap, and the others, who had been taken in too, and were better tempered, roared with laughter.

This made fur cap worse than ever, and he breathed a general challenge to fight, either there or elsewhere for anything a side, from a pint of half-and-half up to a fiver.

"Come on, somebody," he said, rolling up his cuffs.

"Order! turn him out," cried the people.

"Who'll turn me out?" asked fur cap, now quite beside himself; "where's the man who'll put a hand on me?"

"Sit down there," cried a policeman who had charge of the gallery.

Fur cap rolled up his sleeves tighter.

The strong arm of the law then descended upon him, and before he well knew what

was up, he was outside—in the narrow court by the theatre.

Enraged beyond measure, he resolved to wait for vengeance, and for the purpose of fitting himself for any struggle that might ensue adjourned to the nearest public-house.

Let us return to Ching-Ching, who, stationed in the best seat of the gallery, was soon the observed of all observers. On one side of him was Eddard and on the other sat Samson, looking truly like a very shining man and a brother.

"What am de matter wif you?" asked Ching-Ching, addressing Eddard, who, ever since he had been in his seat, had done nothing but rub his sound shin.

"My leg was hurt coming upstairs—most broke, I think," replied Eddard.

"Which leg?"

"The fleshy one."

"Ah, it a bery good job it dat leg," said Ching-Ching, "for wooden legs cost money."

Ching-Ching from somewhere had got possession of an eyeglass, which he now, to the inexpressible admiration of all around, fixed in his eye, and through it surveyed the house with a languid air. As the musicians entered the orchestra he betrayed a sudden animation, and requested them to "play up if they had any hope of wages next Sattleday," and when the overture was over he affably declared that "they had all worked pretty well 'cept dat man wif a wart on him nose, and it would be berrer for him if in de future he scratch dat wart a lilly less, and scratch de fiddle a lilly more."

All this was as good as a play to those who beheld Ching-Ching for the first time, and they were still more deeply impressed when, after addressing the orchestra, he leaned back genteelly, and asked Samson what part of the house they were in.

"De gaddlery," replied Samson.

"Whar?" cried Ching-Ching, springing up; "de gaddlery, when I pay for a private royal box wif a man to bring de progum and ices. Dis a swindle! But neber mind, Sammy, we are in some ob de highest s'ciety in de house; and, derefore, we will be satisfied."

He smiled upon those around him, and

winked at an old woman in a coal-scuttle bonnet, who thought him the most affable gentleman she had ever met. One enthusiastic admirer, who had taken off his coat to keep cool, offered Ching-Ching a bottle, and asked him to have a drop.

"What is it?" asked Ching-Ching.

"Sperrits," said the man.

"Surely dis am not sperrits," said Ching-Ching, tasting it; "sperrits," here he tasted again—"it am really sperrits; and a third taste, which so far diminished the contents of the bottle that anxiety became visible on the countenance of the proprietor. "Well, now, who should have tought it? Am it English or furrin sperrits?"

"Furrin," replied the man; "real furrin."

"Dat odd," said Ching-Ching. "I really tought dat it am British, but I hab anoder lilly taste, and——"

"I say, master," interposed the man, carried out of politeness by so many tastings, "you must leave a drop for me."

"Order there—sit down in front," cried those behind, and Ching-Ching, after another hurried sip, returned the bottle to the owner, and sat down very much refreshed.

The first piece was a farce, which as ill luck would have it, had a Chinaman in it, and the get up was so good that Samson was quite startled, and asked Ching-Ching, in a whisper, "if dat was his fader."

"Hush!" said Ching-Ching, in rather a loud tone, "it am my old man. But if he look dis way, de joy ob seeing him long lost son will carry him quite away."

Both question and answer were overheard, and it was all over the gallery in half a dozen seconds that the Chinaman on the stage and the one in the front sat were father and son. This increased the interest felt in our friend, and various remarks were made to the man upon the stage, to his utter confusion and dismay.

"Oh! you wicked old man," said one. "Look up and see the kid that you left to the marcy of the workus."

"I say, old 'Family Congou,'" roared another, "why didn't you pay for your boy to go into the boxes? Don't say that you can't afford it."

The gentle offspring took up the cue, and

through that eyeglass—which, by the way, was only a frame—there was no glass in it—looked at his father with an injured air.

"He ran away when I quite a lilly boy," he said to Samson, in a tone quite loud enough for the outstretched ears around him, "and my moder ober de washtub gained her daily bread for de 'leven children dat he run away from. I was de oldest—as you know, Sammy—and de toil and de trouble dat de family was to me am only known to you, Sammy, who look on it wif a sorryfull eye, and cheer me wif words ob frenly consternation."

"When?" asked Samson, who, as usual, had got into the maze.

"If dat man had him deserts," continued Ching-Ching, "he would be pelted wif apples and nuts."

"What, strike your own fader?" asked Samson.

"Oh! no!" said Ching-Ching; "but if anybody else like to gib him one, I promise not to intefere."

This exhibition of affection won Ching-Ching further admiration, and an earnest supporter threw an orange, not above half-eaten, at the dramatic Chineese, who up to that moment thought that he was making a great hit.

A bad or vicious example is sure to be followed, and the orange was followed by a quick shower of odds and ends, most of which—being badly aimed—fell into the orchestra, stalls, and pit.

The uproar was immense, and everybody cried for everybody to be turned out. The policeman in the gallery turned out two people who had done nothing, and after a wild struggle got down to the front, where he seized Eddard, and endeavored to drag him out.

Bill Grunt resisted this, bonneting the bobby behind in a masterly manner, and Samson distinguished himself by lifting up the official with one hand and shaking him like a stick.

The people in the gallery shouted, yelled, whistled, and screamed, cries uprose from the pit, and genteel indifference in the boxes got upon its feet, and craned its neck to get a view of the cause of the riot.

Through all, the main cause of it (Ching-

Ching) was immovable, and through his eye-glass looked on the scene like one who had nothing to with it, but was resolved to enjoy it quietly.

The farce ended rather abruptly, and the manager came upstairs to know what it was all about. He found a disheveled bobby at the head of the stairs, panting and furious, thirsting to incarcerate the whole British public. To him the manager applied.

"Who has created this disturbance?" he asked.

"That man," replied the policeman, blindly pointing to Eddard, who was yet gasping from his late struggle.

"Have him out," said the manager. "If you can't do it alone, have another man."

"I can't do it alone—I'm tired," said the bobby.

"Then take the check-taker."

The check-taker was a man of iron frame, chosen to meet a rush and to resist the roughs. He rather liked a row, and declared himself ready.

He and the policeman descended upon our party, and laid violent hands upon Eddard. This could not be borne by his friends, and a glorious fight ensued. The policeman felt something like a hand at his ankle—it was Ching-Ching's foot—and he was jerked over the form. Bill Grunt gave the check-taker one between his eyes, which introduced him to an astronomical vision, and the general public hammered both impartially. Men in authority are invariably unpopular—policemen and check-takers particularly so.

The manager was furious, and sent for more assistance in the form of a couple of sturdy supers, but the gallery had had enough of fighting, and would not let them go down.

"Let the men alone," they said; "they've done nothing. The wooden-legged chap ain't opened his mouth or moved in his seat."

"Who has, then?" demanded the manager.

"If the bobby hadn't bullied, there would have been no row," was the answer.

"Come up here," roared the manager, and the defeated bobby and check-taker came up to his side; "if there is any more of this, turn the lot out."

This threat was received with general derision, and the public being let alone, gradually settled down. The woman in the coal-scuttle bonnet produced a bottle and asked Ching-Ching to drink. He assented, and she, with commendable precaution, filled up a footless glass, instead of trusting him with the bottle.

"I gib a toast," said Ching-Ching—"Lubly woman in a lubly bonnet."

He winked at the old woman, thereby inferring that she was the party referred to, and a sweet blush suffused her face. Ching-Ching held out the glass, holding it rather tightly, in the hope of having it filled again, but the gentle creature took the glass and poured out a drop for Samson.

"Gib a toast," said Ching-Ching.

Samson looked down on the floor, but found nothing there; then he looked up, and found nothing there. Finally he asked Ching-Ching to favor him with one.

"All right," said Ching-Ching; "gib me de glass."

The unsuspecting Samson handed it over, and Ching-Ching, holding it aloft, said:

"De warm heart dat waxy warmer for de lubly sects ebery day."

He followed this up by emptying the glass and handing it back.

"Dat my rum," said Samson.

"De rum allus go wif de toast," said Ching-Ching, "or he bring confusion in de drinker. But I tink you ought to hab a lilly drop."

He looked so sweetly at the aged one that she could not resist him, and Samson got a little. Bill Grunt and Eddard were treated by another party, and good humor and harmony prevailed.

The drama which followed the farce was the celebrated "Collared Brawn," which made the fortune of the author, who had got the whole thing out of another man's book, thereby proving his originality. However, it was well arranged, admirably fitted up, and a great success—any of which will cover a multitude of sins.

Between the acts a great many people treated our party, and by the time the play was over Ching-Ching was getting rather hazy. As the curtain fell, the people scampered out, and he rose to go.

CHAPTER V. 157

FUR CAP.

Ching-Ching had forgotten all about the man in the fur cap, and he was, therefore, considerably astonished to find himself, on emerging from the theatre, grasped behind with no weak hand.

"Now, Tea Chest," growled a voice, "I've got you."

Ching-Ching, however, being of ready thought and act, promptly bent down, and, with a violent jerk, sent the proprietor of the fur cap over his head.

The movement was so unexpected that the ruffian's brain was completely addled, and as he went clean over and fell upon the flat of his back, he lost his consciousness.

All this was so quickly over—the assault and the result—that nobody noticed it, not even the friends of Ching-Ching, and the lane was speedily clear.

A few moments afterward the policeman descended from the gallery, accompanied by the check-taker—the object of the pair being to have a friendly liquor-up. The official eye of the policeman at once fell upon the prostrate man.

"Who's this?" he said.

"The chap you turned out early," replied the check-taker.

"Drunk."

"In course he is."

"Then, if he ain't off by the time we've drunk, I'll lock him up."

"Do," said the check-taker, "it's the only thing as does chaps like that any good!"

Accordingly, they had their liquor, and on re-entering the lane, found the man still insensible. The sagacious bobby stooped down and shook him.

"Wake up," he said; "come out of it—now then."

The man opened his eyes and stared about like one bewildered.

If that was not evidence of his being drunk, what could be?

"Come along," said bobby.

"I ketched hold on him," murmured the victim of Ching-Ching's activity, "and I says, 'I've got you.' Then the lane turned over, and caught me on the 'ed."

"And hupset your drink," said the bobby, sarcastically.

"I feel kind o' shook," continued fur cap, looking about him, "and I've got a singing in my 'ed—and there's blue lights afore me."

"Come on," said the bobby, jerking him; "I can't stand here all night."

"Where to?"

"To the station."

"Wot for?"

"For bein' drunk, wiolent, and using disorderly langwage."

"Me?" cried the man, partially restored by this extraordinary charge.

"Yes, you," said the bobby; "come, don't be cheeky, but come along."

"I won't; I ain't done nothing," said fur cap, backing.

"Are you coming or not?" asked the bobby.

"No," said fur cap, and bolted.

The bobby actively took up the pursuit, for the troubles of the evening had made him spiteful, and after a short race other officials appeared upon the scene, and fur cap was secured.

They took him to the station, protesting, and laid the charge of being drunk, violent, and disorderly against him. He was taken before the magistrate next morning, protesting; was fined five shillings and admonished, protesting; paid the money, protesting; and left the court vowing vengeance against Ching-Ching, whom he called "Mister Tea Chest."

"If I ever come across that yaller chap," he said, "I'll git him up in a corner, and I'll take hold on him by the throat, and I'll knock him about until there's nothing left on him but pulp, and if I don't may I nivr wear this fur cap again."

How he succeeded in carrying out this awful threat time alone will tell.

her contract lodgers. In the first place, there were four of them to wait upon, and the amount of waiting they took kept her one domestic on the staircase—either going up or coming down—and the way that girl was always giggling and laughing at things Ching-Ching said and did was perfectly disgraceful.

This was bad enough, but more remains behind. When people take in lodgers they expect to get Christians and not cannibals; at least, so Mrs. Mant said, and no Christian ever went on in the way that those parties did upstairs.

She lived in terror of her life, did Mrs. Mant, for she never knew what was going to be done. It was not one trick only but twenty that were played every day, and the turn she got when she went to wind up the kitchen eight-day clock—a tall thing, like an upright coffin—and found Ching-Ching inside it, took her a week to get over.

"And may I arsk, sir," she said, with as much dignity as the fluttering of her heart would permit, "what you are doing of here?"

Ching-Ching smiled mournfully, and shook his head to imply that there was a sad mystery in the case.

The domestic—pale and trembling—stood by the dresser, like a guilty culprit taken in the act. Mrs. Mant raised her voice about an octave and a half higher.

"May I arsk, sir," she said again, "what you are doing of here?"

"Nuffin," replied Ching-Ching, having "nuffin" else to say.

"May I arsk," pursued Mrs. Mant, "why you came here?"

"I don't know, lubliest of landladies," replied Ching-Ching.

"Perhaps you'll tell me," said Mrs. Mant, glaring first at Ching-Ching, and then at her slavey, "when you came here?"

"It must have been," replied Ching-Ching, after due consideration, "some time in de night."

"In the night!" cried Mrs. Mant, aghast, and well she might be, for it was then about four in the afternoon.

"Yes, lubliest ob angels, I must hab come here in my sleep."

"In your sleep!" replied Mrs. Mant.

"Yes," said Ching-Ching, "it's quite a fam-

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. MANT REBELS.

That estimable woman, Mrs. Mant, little anticipated what a life she would have with

ily complaint running through all de generalations from de time ob de first Ching-Ching dat rule in Pekin. Perhaps, lublied ob landladies, you hab heard de story ob my great-grandfarder, who was de 'basserder here in de time ob George de Fif. It was print in de papers at de time, and caused a great deal ob commotion in de higher circles."

"I can't say that I ever heard it, sir," said Mrs. Mant, with a doubting sniff.

"Den I tell you," said Ching-Ching, "but not here, as de story am only fit for ladies in persition. You hab a lilly back parlor upstairs whar I be happy to tell him to you alone.

Mrs. Mant hesitated. It was not quite correct to have young gentlemen, of whatever nation, in her private room, but curiosity overcame these delicate considerations, and to that apartment the pair adjourned, Ching-Ching winking at the servant as he left the kitchen, and narrowly escaping detection by the active Mrs. Mant.

"What a lubly odor dere am in dis bower," said Ching-Ching, as he entered the room. "It bring back to me de memory of Ottoman roses."

This must have been a matter of taste, for certainly the apartment had a nasty smell, which many people more fastidious than Ching-Ching might have objected to. Mrs. Mant took it as a compliment, and invited our friend to a seat.

He took a chair, and coughed slightly, turning up his eyes. As Mrs. Mant took no notice of him, he coughed a second time, and put a hand upon his chest.

"You have a cold," said Mrs. Mant.

"No," replied Ching-Ching; "it am a nasty chronical information ob de tubbycles ob de troat, and I am 'bliged to keep him moist day and night. If I was to sleep right off for an hour I have a choke and die."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Mant, sympathetically, "what an affliction!"

"It stop my talking," said Ching-Ching, "unless de troat keep moist."

"I will get you some barley-water," said Mrs. Mant, rising.

"Not for de world," said Ching-Ching; "de bery last ting dat my merrycal man say

to me was: 'Dan't touch de barley-water, unless you wish to go straight off.'"

"Some cold tea," suggested Mrs. Mant.

"It was de cold tea dat first brought him on," said Ching-Ching; "but neber mind, I beg to be 'xcused if I choke a lilly bit. Dere am one ting, howeber, which de merrycal man say am de best for it if not mix too strong, and dat am—but den I can do wifout it."

"Perhaps I have it, sir."

"Oh, no, beautiful landlady, you hab no rum, I'm sure."

"I have nothing but brandy," said Mrs. Mant. "I keep a little of that by me in case I am ever taken faint."

"If you can't get rum,' say my merrycal man, 'hab a lilly brandy,'" said Ching-Ching, "but be sure and mix for yourself, so as not to hab him too strong."

Mrs. Mant put a bottle on the table, and rang for some water and glasses. When the servant brought them Ching-Ching mixed a glass for himself which made Mrs. Mant's eyes open.

"If that is weak," she thought, "I wonder what he calls strong."

The opening and closing of the front door was now heard, and Ching-Ching, after listening for a moment, declared it to be his friend Samson.

"And hab him in," he said, "for he am de witness to de trufe ob de story I'm 'bout to tell."

Mrs. Mant weakly agreed, and Samson was fetched in. Ching-Ching put him into a chair, and mixed some brandy and water into the tumbler which the lady had reserved for herself.

"He looks bery strong," said Ching-Ching, "but it am a conclusion. De merrycal man say to me, 'Whateber you do, don't let your friend get too low. Don't tax him brain too much, but keep him up wif a lilly drink. Now, Sammy, Mrs. Mant—de lublied ob her sex—will be bery angry if you not make yourself at home. Drink dat up, and hab a lilly rum wif me."

"I think," said Mrs. Mant, collaring the bottle, "that you have had enough for the present, and your throat ought to be moist enough to tell two stories. If you like to tell it, do; if not, leave it alone."

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MRS. MANT SOFTENS.

"Sammy," said Ching-Ching dolefully, "you hear dat? Who, to look at dis Ottoman rose ob a creature, would tink dat she could do it?"

Samson, as usual, bore the valuable testimony of silence, and Ching-Ching, whose tongue could never rest, went on:

"I do not ax for any more for me," he said. "My troat may be dry and parch. I may choke and roll on de rug in de 'spiring efforts to get breaif, but I not stand here and see you sink, Sammy, for de want of a lilly nubbishment. Mrs. Mant may despise a poor Chinaman, but I'm sure dat she suspect de great King ob de Africans, Sammy Samson de First. Gib her your glass, Sammy."

Mrs. Mant was awe-stricken. She had no idea that she had royalty beneath her roof, and with much deference refilled Samson's glass. Ching-Ching took advanatge of her bewilderment to attend to his own, and then calmly composed himself for the story.

"Yust must know, lubliest ob Ottoman roses," he began, "dat my great-grandfarder was de personal fren ob de remperor, and dat he was de chief ob de bodyguard, and slep' in de nex' room. Now, de remperor was bery fond ob early rising, and he used to say to my great-grandfarder, 'Call me early, Ching-Ching's great-grandfarder; for I lub to see de sun rise.' My great-grandfarder promise, but he not wake until he hear de muffin-bell, and den up he jump, but de sun has been up for some time, and when he woke de remperor dat royal person made a base attempt to knock him eye out wif a boot.

"What am de meaning ob dis?" he ax, white wif furious. "I tell you to call me early so dat I see de sun rise. Mind you do it to-morrer." My great-grandfarder promise, and to make sure he hire a lilly boy to sit up all night, and wake him at de proper time. Again de muffin man come, and him bell rouse my great-grandfarder, who find dat de boy was gone; and when he, in fear and shaking, wake up de remperor, dat infuriated ole chap aimed at him left eye wif

de oder boot, but fortunately only break a windy."

"He must have been a very passionate man," said Mrs. Mant.

"He was dat passionate," replied Ching-Ching, "dat sometimes all de terrace was up half de night to hear him jaw, and de plumb-er neber lef de doorstep so as to be on de spot to stop up de windys. But to resoom. 'How am it,' say de remperor, 'dat you can't wake in de morning?' 'I don't know, O son of de moon and first cousin ob de stars,' say my great-grandfarder, 'but I not eben able to wake myself, and I bery much more tired when I get up den when I go to bed, aldough I sleep as sound as a door-mat.'

"De remperor den suggest dat he hab somebody to wake him, and my great-grandfarder tell him 'bout dat lilly boy, and him run away. 'What for?' ax de remperor. But dat was de puzzle. Nobody knew what for. Suddenly a brilliant idea come into de head of de remperor. 'You must keep a lilly cock in your room to crow,' he say, and my great-grandfarder go out and buy a lilly cock dat was a treasure in de way ob lifting up his voice. Dis cock he put in a lilly cage, and gim him a bery light supper so dat he not obersleep himself. Den my great-grandfarder go to bed, and not wake until de muffin-bell ring for de third time. Oh, dear! dis troat ob mine am giving in."

"How was it that the cock didn't crow?" asked Mrs. Mant.

"I coming to dat as soon as dis troat ob mine allow me," replied Ching-Ching. "Oh, dear! Sammy, put a lilly water in my glass. Now just a lilly drop of brandy. Tank you. Now I get on. De cock not crow dat morn-ing acause him head was cut off, and de head was gone. My great-grandfarder wif de body ob de cock to bear him witness—like dat intelligent Sammy dere—rush into de remperor's room, but dat violent old man not listen to reason. He seized de body ob de cock, and gib my great-grandfarder one on de nose, and den he knock anoder windy out wif it and go to bed again. He much too proud to get up again, as he wasn't wake at de proper hour.

"You call me late again," he said, "and I hab you tried for high treason." Dat make my great-grandfarder shake in him boots,

and he hire a man to wake him, and dis man was to sit by de door all night and not move until my great-grandfarder was awake. Now I come to de most striking part ob my story, and if my troat am kep' moist p'raps I able to go through wif him."

"You've nearly emptied the bottle," said Mrs. Mant, rather curtly.

"Oh, my Ottomany!" said Ching-Ching, putting his right hand over his liver, under the impression that his heart lay there. "It go against your genteel nature to say hard words to de suffering. Sammy, make me anoder glass, and if dere am any left, don't waste him. Oh, tank you, Sammy. Nex' to bearing witness, you mix de grog lubly. To return to de story, my Ottomany of Boses-Roses. De nex' morning de man was gone, an' my great-grandfarder overslept eben de muffins, and dis time de remperor wake him—wif a pail of water and a mop, which he dash into de mouth ob dat defenceless ole man, and ax him if he meant to sleep all de day in bed. My great-grandfarder, tinkin dat it was de man dat wake him, let fly wif him left, and knocked de remperor right through de partition ob de room into de next, whar he got fix between two boxes, and brought de whole ob de terrace out wif de langwidge dat he use."

"Whar was de man?" asked Sammy.

"Gone, nobody knew where," replied Ching-Ching; "and de bellman was put out for him, but notin came ob dat, and my great-grandfarder, in desperandum, hire anoder, wif instructions to wake him ebery half-hour. De morrow came, and my farder not wake up at all. Now de remperor and de man was gone."

"In de middle ob de second night de remperor was roused by de cats, which dissembled in de water-butt, and in his fury he rush out to call de guard to charge my great-grandfather wif high treason. Just at dat moment my great-grandfarder wake up, and tinkin dat it time to call de remperor, rush out, and de two come in percussion so bery hard dat bof ob dem turn round like teetotalums, and sit down giddy. De remperor use de langwidge den ob a man, which you, my lublied ob Ottomans, would not descend to for a minute."

"But up he got, and call de guard—Sammy, wake up, and bear witness to de trufe."

Samson, who had been nodding, opened his eyes sharp, and sat upright, ready to attest to anything that he could understand. Ching-Ching went on:

"De guard came. My farder was arrested and taken off to de lock-up. Dere he fall asleep. Now I come to de exciting part ob my story—but dis troat ob mine, lubly Ottomany roses, am so bad——"

"I haven't another drop of sperrit in the house," said Mrs. Mant.

"But p'raps by de night hab a lilly drop?" suggested Ching-Ching.

"Well, I might have some," said Mrs. Mant.

"Den me and Sammy come down 'bout dat time," said Ching-Ching, "and den I will finish de story."

"Very good," said the landlady, overcome completely by her fascinating visitor. "But won't you come to tea, and tell the story afterward? You can have a little brandy and water, if you like."

"Lublied ob Ottomanies!" said Ching-Ching, "me and Sammy will be here. Do wake up, Sammy. You are de most sleepy witness dat eber was seen. Good morning; fairest Rose of Ottomany."

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTAIN STRANGEWAYS.

"I have an odd letter here," said Harry, one morning, when he had been about a week in London. "What do you think of it, Tom? Listen."

"Handsome Harry—The writer will be very glad to see you at his Hermitage on the river bank at Weybridge. Ask for Captain Strangeways, and any fool that lives thereabouts will direct you."

"Odd," said Tom.

"Very odd," said Harry. "But I think I ought to go."

"Oh, certainly. Shall I go with you?"

"No—at least, I think not, for he does not mention any friends, but I will take

Samson and Ching-Ching, in case of a plot for mischief."

"You can get down by the railway," said Tom, after a reference to the time-table, "and perhaps it will be better for me not to go."

"Wiser, I think," said Harry, and taking up his hat, he went in search of his two faithful followers, whom he found in their sitting-room.

Of course they were only too glad to go, and in less than two hours they were all at Weybridge station.

On making inquiries of the porter, they learned that the Hermitage was a rough hut built by the weir, just where the Thames and Wey unite their waters, and Captain Strangeways (truly a strange man!) lived in it alone.

"He's a rum customer," said the man; "and is up to all sorts of things if people go anigh his place. Not that many goes, for most on us is afraid of him."

"Can I get a cab to take me to his place?"

"Not within a hundred yards of it, sir; but any man outside will run you so far."

A cab was hired, and in due time it conveyed the trio to a bridge which commanded a view of the swampy field, in which was erected a rude hut.

Here the cabman pulled up.

"Shall I wait, sir?" he asked.

"If you please."

Inside the hut sat a tall man of about fifty years of age, dressed in a suit of light, easy clothes, much worn. The chief peculiarity of his face was a long, drooping moustache, which gave his face, perhaps unjustly, a very sardonical expression. He wore no hat, but his feet and legs were incased in tall, strong boots, such as travelers—like Stanley—are accustomed to wear.

The noise of the cab pulling up upon the bridge fell upon his ear, and he rose up hurriedly, moving toward the door. As he opened it, he saw Harry, Ching-Ching and Samson standing before him.

"Welcome, Handsome Harry," he said.

"You know me?" exclaimed our hero, in surprise.

"I know your face," said the strange man, bitterly; "Heaven help and forgive me. Who are these?"

"Faithful friends of mine," replied Harry.

"They must stand without," said the hermit, shortly. "I sent for you, so you may trust me. It is but man against man. I have no accomplices here."

"I do not fear you," replied Harry; then, turning to his two companions, he said: "Remain here until I come forth again."

"Dat a berry polite old genlyman," said Ching-Ching, as Harry and the strange hermit went in and closed the door; "and de hosperatality dat he show us am like dat which my uncle gib to de prime minister ob de Pekin nation."

"Wurra dat, Chingy?" asked Samson.

"Oh, he gib him an inwiltation to tea," said Ching-Ching, "and when he come, trow de kettle at him."

"Wurra dat for, Chingy?"

"Nobody know," replied Ching-Ching, "but when he was tried for de manslaughter ob de minilster he got off on de defence dat he did it out ob broderly lub and good-feeling. De minilster died ob de scalds and fright, and as he was not dere to contraldict him, de judy returned a werdick in him favor, and recommended dat he family ob de deceased man be prosecuted for libel."

"Wurra had dat family done, Chingy?"

"Nuffin, Sammy; dey did not eben know dat de ole man was dead, but tought dat he was out on de spree, but de judy say dat dey ought to know all about him, and my uncle got enough damages to open a oyster shop wif, and dere he am now, a 'spectable, prosperous genlyman, a blessing to all dem around him, and a credit to de country."

In this style Ching-Ching kept Samson entertain for an hour, and then Harry came forth from the hermitage, looking dazed and troubled, like one who had received some very startling intelligence. The hermit captain followed him outside, and as they shook hands said:

"You may trust to me—I will be there."

"Thank you," returned Harry; "you may be of good service to me—good-by."

"Good-by."

And with another shake of the hand they parted.

"I wonder who he is," whispered Ching-Ching to Samson.

"Perhaps Massa Harry tell us," said Samson.

But Harry did not, for he was silent and thoughtful during the whole of the journey home.

CHAPTER IX. 141

A CHAT OVER A BREAKFAST.

"Well, Harry," said Tom True, "how are you getting on?"

"With my breakfast?" asked Harry, smiling.

"No, with your case," said Tom. "Have you drawn out your brief? Have you arranged your defence?"

"I have no brief to draw up—no defence to arrange," returned Harry, seriously, "for I do not think that my memory will fail me when the time comes to tell the simple truth; and as for those who wish to say a kind word for me, I am sure that they will be there when the hour comes."

Ira and Sir Darnley Darnley were of the party, too, and both nodded assent to his assertion. Ira said that he would have something to say, and Sir Darnley regretted that he was in a position to say so little.

"There is a month yet," said Harry, "and it may be that it is the last month of liberty I shall ever enjoy. But I wish that the trial were over, so that I might know the worst. Another egg—thank you."

"By the way," said Tom, "have you heard from Fortalega?"

"How should I?" replied Harry. "You forget the time it takes for the mails to run. I cannot possibly hear much before the trial."

"You wrote, of course?"

"Ira wrote to Ximena, and I inclosed a letter for Juanita."

"To return to the trial," said Sir Darnley Darnley. "What witnesses do you intend to call?"

"Tom, Ira, Ching-Ching, Samson, Cutten, and Grunt," said Harry. "I have no others. They are all that is left of the Belvedere."

"It is a pity that so many brave hearts perished."

"I do not know that," returned Ira, "for they are more likely to be remembered by us. The warrior who is slain upon the battlefield lives longer in the memory of the people than he who escapes peril, and dies on a feather bed. Harry, have you completed the list?"

"I have got them all," said our hero. "My memory is so good that I have not forgotten a man. If I survive the trial I will build a monument, and put their names upon it. If I fall, Tom, let that task be yours."

"It shall be done," said Tom.

"I should like to know your whole story," said the baronet, after a short silence. "Your history must be a remarkable one."

"Wait till I give it to the world," said Harry, "which I intend to do in my defence. Ask me not to tell it before."

"Pardon me," said Sir Darnley Darnley. "I am not curious. Tell it when you will."

A servant entering with some more toast cut short the conversation, but as soon as he was gone Ira again introduced another subject.

"What are your other witnesses doing?" he asked of Harry. "I have not seen them for nearly a week."

"Ching-Ching had three pounds of me," said Harry. "He said he wanted to make his landlady a present."

"Do you think she-got it?"

"Of course I do not, for I happen to know that he took the others out on the spree with the money, and managed so well that Cutten was locked up, and fined five shillings the next morning."

"How came that about?" asked Tom, looking up.

"According to the case, which appeared in the paper, Ching-Ching so far forgot his native dignity as to toss with a pieman, and he was so successful that he drove the unhappy man into a passion. I believe he called Ching-Ching a cursed Chinaman. Anyhow, the pieman was knocked down, and somebody ran away with the tin, and Cutten got locked up. But as he had not touched the man or his property, he could only be charged with disorderly conduct. The paper, in a concluding paragraph, stated "that the friends of the prisoner, to whom some suspicion was attached, were

soon seen hovering about the court, but were not charged."

"If you please, sir," said the waiter, entering the room, "there's two people downstairs as wants to see you."

"Who are they?"

"One's a Chinaman, sir, and t'other looks like the keeper of an oyster shop."

"Oh! another disturbance, I suppose," said Harry. "Shall we have them up?"

"By all means," said the others, who thought it probable that some amusement might be got out of it.

The waiter received orders and retired. In less than a minute he returned, ushering in Ching-Ching and a little, chubby-faced man in shirt sleeves, and an apron round his waist. In his hand he held a tall hat.

"What is the matter?" asked Harry.

"Nuffin, Missa Harry," replied Ching-Ching, "nuffin at all."

"Oh! ain't it nothink," said the man, turning upon him indignantly; "would you call it nothink if four fellows come to your shop——"

"Me don't keep a shop," interrupted Ching-Ching.

"But if you did——"

"What de good ob talkin' dat nonsense," said Ching-Ching; "do you tink dat a member ob de royal Ching-Ching family would eber live in a shop?"

"Anyhow," said the man, "you and the t'other chaps come to my shop and stuffed fourteen dozen oysters——"

"Dere was only thirteen dozen and ten," said Ching-Ching. "I counted dem afore your eyes five times, and Samson, my friend, was de witness as confirmed it."

"He didn't know nothink about it," said the man; "and, besides, those shells come down the leg of your trousers while you was talking to me."

"Dey wasn't your shells," said Ching-Ching; "dey was giben to me by de remperor, as part ob de grotto which him eldest chile make on de birfday ob him moder."

"Oh! don't talk such blowed nonsense as that," said the man, half beside himself; "why——"

"One moment, my friend," said Harry; "please to tell your story to me."

"My name's Pinem," said the man, "John

Pinem, and I keeps the Horiental Supper Rooms down the Strand. You can't miss the place, for the house is painted yaller from top to bottom, to catch the public eye. I've been established forty years, and——"

"To your story, my friend—to your story," interposed Harry.

"Axing your pardon, sir," said Pinem; "well, sir, last night this—this——" looking at Ching-Ching.

"Furrin genlyman ob distinction," suggested Ching-Ching.

"This gentleman," continued Pinem, "comes with three others into my shop. One was a sort o' sailor, one had a wooden leg, and the third was a nigger chap."

"It's well for you dat de King ob Morockle not here to hear you speak in dat way ob him son," said Ching-Ching; "but go on."

"They axes for four dozen oysters," continued the man; "and this—this furrin gentleman—tells me that it is his birthday, and that he was standing treat to the others, who was old friends of his in Pekin, and who hadn't met for years."

"Go on," said Ching-Ching, shaking his head sadly; "don't stick at nuffin. Take away my cackleter for a few paltry shillings."

"I don't say nothink but the truth," continued the man, "and he knows it. Well, sir, when they'd done the four dozen, this—this party—says, as big as my lord knows who, bring in four dozen more."

"I swear I not say dat," interrupted Ching-Ching. "Oh! whar am Sammy to stand up for me now? But go and perjury yourself."

"At all events," said the injured Pinem, "you axed me to bring in the same quantity again——"

"No, anoder like it," said Ching-Ching.

"Ain't it the same thing?" asked Pinem, appealing to Harry; "he's the most aggravating chap as you ever seed, and the way he argued when the waiter seed him put a cruet-stand up his back was enough to curdle any man; but then, sir, he has another lot, and he treats the waiter to a dozen, and axes me for to have some too, and then comes the time to pay."

"Ah! dat was de time," said Ching-Ching,

as if the narrative had now reached a point which would clear him from all aspersions.

"The waiter takes him the bill, sir," pursued Pinem, "and he looks at sumthink like a himage, and shakes his head. 'Wot's this?' he axes. 'The bill, sir,' says the waiter, and ther ain't a perliter man in any room in the Strand. 'All right,' says this chap, 'I'll take it home, and read it, and send you a check to-morrow.' A check from him? Bah! all he's got is check."

"If dere am much more ob dis sort ob langwidge," said Ching-Ching, "I hab nuf-fin more to do wif de affair."

"We'll see about that," said Pinem, with a wrathful eye; "while we were argeying, the party with the wooden leg fell asleep, and this chap here says all of a sudden, 'I have left my purse at home, and I didn't expect to have all this fuss about a pound or two.' Oh! how he did brag, and, says he, 'I'll leave my friend in the corner, as is worth a million of money, until I come back. 'I didn't notice, sir, as the wooden-legged party was asleep, and taking his silence for agreeing, I lets the three go, and a party and a female coming to the counter, I goes to serve 'em. This was about nine o'clock.'"

"Pass nine," said Ching-Ching. "De clock struck as we was amiably settling de oysters."

"Ain't that near enough?" asked the angry Pinem. "I wish as you was as pertikler about money as you are about words. You might come and live in my shop then, if you liked. Well, sir," again addressing Harry, "I goes on about my business until half arter ten, and then the wooden-legged party wakes up and comes out."

"'Hullo!' says I. 'Hullo!' says he. 'Where are you going?' says I. 'Home,' says he. 'No, you don't!' says I, and I runs round the counter and collars him. 'What's this for?' he kind o' roars like. 'Your friend, the Chiny chap,' I says, 'have left you until he comes back and pays for the oysters.'"

"Until then," pursued the suffering Pinem, "he'd been a bit quiet, but I never seed such a venomous old party as he become in a minute. He bawls out something about having suffered hall his life through him," pointing to Ching-Ching, who, calm

and patient, listened to this slanderous narrative with the stoicism of a martyr; "and says that he ain't a-going to stand no more, and he knocks me down among a lot of dried haddocks, and with his wooden leg ketches my young man—and there ain't a more polite young man up and down the Strand—right in his wesket, so that he was full five minutes afore he got his breath again."

"I am very sorry for your young man," said Harry, rubbing his mouth with his hand, "and I trust that his injuries are not permanent. What followed?"

"The police was outside, and one came in," said Pinem, "and then what does he do? 'What's the row?' he says. I tells him the story and requests him to take the venomous old file in charge. 'I can't,' he says. 'Why not?' says I. 'Because,' he says, 'he didn't contract the debt, and he didn't promise to be surety, and you've no right to detain him.' I sees the weakness of my persition," added Pinem, and I told him to go, but he stood against my shop door, and bawled until he got a mob, and in the excitement some low fellow stole two packets o' bloaters and a big crab, which was only a little gone, and labeled 1s. 6d."

"But come to the point," said Harry. "How is it that I see you two together now?"

"I saw him passing my shop as bold as brass," replied Pinem, "and I immediately rushes out and seizes him."

"But are you sure he's the right man?"

"Ah! dat's where you are wrong," said the ready Ching-Ching; "am you sure dat I am de man?"

"You didn't deny it," said Pinem, "and when I collared you, you named the gentleman here, and said that as he had known your father from infancy, he would help you in the time of trouble. You know you said that."

"How am me to know?" asked Ching-Ching, "when you catch hold ob me so hard dat you shake all sense and reason out ob me? Am you sure dat I am de man? Dat's de point."

"Yes, come to that," said Ira; "make sure of it."

"It is necessary to know that," added

Tom, gravely; "then we can continue with this important case."

The injured Pinem measured Ching-Ching with his eye, looked him up and down, and appeared a little doubtful.

"Remember," said Tom, "that one Chinaman is exactly like another—the very tea-chests prove that—and there are hundreds in London."

"Thousands," said Ching-Ching.

"A man doesn't like to swear," said Pinem, "but I think that he is the man. There's the same look, and he didn't deny it."

"If Sammy was only here," said Ching-Ching, "he would show how wrong you are."

"Was Sammy the nigger?" asked Pinem, cunningly.

"He am," replied Ching-Ching, falling into the trap.

"Then," said Pinem, "you are the party, for the nigger I could swear to, and now it comes to the point, I'll swear to you, and if there's a law in the land I'll have my money."

"What's the amount?" asked Harry.

"Oysters and lickie, two pun one and fourpence," replied Pinem.

"Then here is two pound two, and give the odd eightpence to the politest young man up and down the Strand. Thank you. I do not want a receipt; let us consider it settled—and, Mr. Pinem."

"Yes, sir," said the tradesman, quite overcome with this unexpected acknowledgment of his right.

"Send in three or four score oysters for luncheon to-day, about one o'clock."

Mr. Pinem bowed his head low and departed. Ching-Ching was about to follow him, when Harry called him back.

"Ching-Ching," said our hero.

"Yes, Missa Harry."

"Fun of this sort may go down occasionally abroad, but it will get you into trouble at home."

"Yes, Missa Harry."

"Then don't do it again. Do you want any money?"

"Not for myself, Missa Harry, but dat poor Missa Mant, wif de bailiff waiting round de corner, would be tankful for two sufrin."

"Here, take it," said Harry, "and don't let me see you again for a week."

"He could not tell the truth even for once," said our hero, as Ching-Ching departed. "Mrs. Mant is a woman of snug private property, and is no more likely to have the bailiffs in than you, Sir Darnley."

"Very likely not," replied the baronet; "but for all that, I think the fellow is worth his money."

CHAPTER X. 162

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

"Sammy," said Ching-Ching, as he finished his breakfast, "dis am one ob de mose 'portant days to de British rempire."

"What am it?" asked Samson, and Eddard and Bill Grunt looked up curiously.

"Dis ame de Lor' Mary's Show," said Ching-Ching, "which am equal to de crowning ob a king, and a trifle ober."

"Who am de Lor' Mary?" asked that ignorant Samson.

"De Lor' Mary," replied Ching-Ching, "am de fattest man dat can be found atween Temply Bar and de Mansion ob Moses and Son in de Millories, and on de ninfth ob Noverber dey put him in a big coach and carry him 'bout for de people to look at. Dat done, dey take him to de queen, who hab him weighed afore her, to see dat dere am no cheating, and den he go home to dinner."

"The account I've heerd of the show," said Eddard, "is a little different—"

"Missa Cutten," said Ching-Ching, with impressive solemnity, "if Sammy had a yer, dere would have been some seuse for you to cut in wif what you know nuffin 'bout, but now you hab none, and de kettle-quet ob society require you to retire from de conbersation."

"All right," said Eddard; "I was only—"

"Dat de point," interrupted Ching-Ching; "you was only putting in de wheel ob your speech when you hab no spoke. But dis am de Lor' Mary's Day, and I wish to be frenly wif all. My farder was once Lor' Mary ob Pekin."

"I didn't know as there was such a party," said Bill Grunt.

"Dat where you show dat you hab not trabeled," said Ching-Ching; "in China, Lor' Mary mandarins am like blackberries."

"Kind o' common like," retorted Eddard.

"My farder neber was common," returned Ching-Ching; "and de day dat he was collected to de office was de day in Pekin dat neber was forgotten. Dere neber was such festivities."

"What was it like?" asked Bill, who was ever the victim of curiosity.

"It was like dat day and no oder," replied Ching-Ching; "and as we hab half an hour to spare afore de Lor' Mary come down de Strand, I tell you all 'bout him."

"Dat right, Chingy," said Samson; "spin out de Lor' Mary."

"My farder," began Ching-Ching, "was in de height ob him posplerity when de Lor' Mary die, and was follered to him grave by all de prime ministers ob be country, and ebery waterman as would carry a banner for five shillings and him dinner. Habing cobered in de moral remains ob dat man, de woice ob de people was lifted up for anoder Lor' Mary, and de general woice cry out for Ching-Ching's farder."

"You was alive then?" said Eddard.

"At dat time I was at de boarding-school ob de parish, where we pay a penny a week, and take our own lilly dinners," replied Ching-Ching; "and I well can 'member de day, as it was de ninfth, dat I stop from school and play chuck-farden with Paw-Paw, who afterwards went to see a judge and neber came back again."

"Do you mean to say the judge murdered him?" asked Bill.

"Oh, no," answered Ching-Ching; "I tink he only shut him up in fun, but dat not de point. To resoom de Lor' Mary Show ob my farder. He was collected, and habing been weighed to see dat he was de lightest man out—for Pekin rule for Lor' Mary is contrary—he went to see de she remperor."

"The what?" cried Bill.

"De she remperor," repeated Ching-Ching; "de man dat rule de country ob dat

time was a woman, derefore she was a she remperor."

"But ain't there some other name for them?" asked Eddard.

"Not in Pekin," said Ching-Ching, boldly; "for any day ob your life when we hab a lady on de trone you may hear de cry, 'Long lib de she remperor!' Now, my farder went to see de she remperor, and de moment dat she see him she say, 'What a lubly Lor' Mary!' and was so plain in lub wif him dat my moder, who was present at de time, gib her dress sleeves a omilous roll up and gib out her intention to hab de she remperor's bonnet off. Den she burst into tears, called my farder a berry unmanly wil-lain, and was carried out onsensible."

"Poor woman," said Eddard sympathetically.

"De she emperor," returned Ching-Ching, "triumph for de time, but my moder get de bonnet afore de day was out wif a large lump ob chiggynon and de top ob a comb. But I must go back to my farder, who, in de coach ob state, was carried round Pekin, stopping at ebery public-house, where frenly hands gabe him such a mixing ob drink dat by de time dey got back to de dinner he want to fight de waiter, and ran head fust at de man dat was bringing in a pile ob clean plates. De she remperor, who had come in her own coach, smile in de blindness ob lub, and say dat my farder a berry merry lilly fellow. After dat nobody dare deprouch him."

"De trumpets sounded," continued Ching-Ching, "my farder took him seat, and de leg ob mutton was brought in. Opposite dat was sarsidges. A general scramble ensood, but my farder held on to de leg ob mutton, and de she remperor got de graby. Den come de pudding, a plum one, fresh from de cook-shop, and de moment dat my farder cast him eyes on him, he saw dat de waiter had been picking him. He made a sign, and de pulic exscootioner come forward. Dere was de flash ob de ax in de air, and de gory head ob de waiter rolled under de table."

"Good," said Eddard.

"Dis was de fust public service dat my farder did in office," pursued Ching-Ching, "and de papers nex' day was loud in him

praises. De she remperor was partikler from the Guildhall, and was not expected pleased, and in de motion ob de moment she for a good two hours at least. There was, trew her arms around my farder's neck and however, plenty of life in the streets, and blessed him. De nex' moment my moder, arm in arm with Samson, and followed by who had been conceal in de pickle cupboard, Bill and Eddard, our sagacious friend made come out and fetch de bonnet off as I describe. Somebody knock de candle ober, his way to Trafalgar Square. and all was darkness. Eberybody went in There a very large crowd had assembled, for what dey could get, but my farder, be- and a great deal of chaff and nonsense was ing uncertain where my moder was, sat still going on. Ching-Ching was soon espied until anoder light was brought, and den my and complimented. moder and de she remperor was discobered "What a pigtail!" cried one; "like a pump- habing out dere frenly dispute in de fender, handle." and de pudding was nowhere to be seen, al- "Work it, and see if he is dry," suggested though dere was circumstantial ebidence on another. de mouf ob de prime minister dat dey had A rash man endeavored to carry out the been in de wicinity ob him. Finding dat de suggestion, but ere he could put a hand upon the pigtail something caught him festilities was a lilly disturbed, my farder round the ankle and threw him violently on gabe de orders for de fireworks to be let off, his back. When he was sufficiently recov- and de ebening came to a conclushon. De ered to get up again, Ching-Ching was gone. she remperor, wif a lilly ob my moder's or- "But I'm busted if I don't have some- namental work 'bout her face, got into her body's life for this!" he growled, rubbing his aching bones. carriage, and was driben home at a furus rate, and de prince stop at de Green Drag- A little further on Ching-Ching was asked gle's Head, and play baggleteel all night. who scraped him off the tea-chest, and an- other inquired into the amount of duty he had paid when he came ashore. Ching- So ended my farder's Lor' Mary day, and Ching answered them politely, telling the Pekin was proud ob it." first that the last man who had scraped him was in his coffin, and informing the latter that he always did his duty, and never paid it.

"How long are they made Lord Mayor for?" asked Bill.

"For life," replied Ching-Ching.

"Then your father is Lord Mayor still?"

"No, he am not."

"Then he is dead?"

"Not dat I know ob," replied Ching-Ching.

"But he must be one or t'other," urged Bill.

"No, he am not."

"Then how is it that——"

"I hear de trumpets ob de Lor' Mary ob Great Britain," cried Ching-Ching, spring- ing to his feet. "He coming dis way."

"Come on," cried Bill, and the four sallied forth to see the Lord Mayor's Show.

"But dis bery slow work," he said to Sam- son; "and I am not used to de vulgar crowd. Where shall we go so as to be far from bob- servation?"

He looked around him and saw the column of Nelson, with its base-like steps offering a commanding view of the street and square; but, strange to say, there was not a soul upon it.

"Dat de place," said Ching-Ching, forget- ting his desire to be free from observation; "come along, my frens and broders."

Followed by Samson, Eddard and Bill Grunt, he seated himself upon the base of the monument, and took up a position on the top step, a movement hailed by the crowd with a roar of delight.

"Why dis seat hab not been taken before," said Ching-Ching, "is a mystery to me, Sammy. It's de best place in de whole street."

CHAPTER XI.

THE SHOW.

Ching-Ching was mistaken about the trumpets, for the show had not yet started

Sammy could give no reason, nor Eddard, nor Bill Grunt, either; but they were all soon suddenly and unexpectedly enlightened.

The chief of the police had decided that the column should be kept clear, and X 94 had been told off to the duty.

The morning had been a trying one to X 94, for at first people would get upon the column. As fast as one lot were got down another lot took its place, but by dint of firmness he at last had got the column clear, and in the full satisfaction arising from a conviction of having awed the mob, he was looking down Parliament street, when a roar fell upon his ears.

He turned and saw the cause of it. Four contumacious ruffians, who doubtless had been warned before, upon the base of the column.

Most people like to have a line drawn, and X 94 felt that those fellows on the column had gone a little too far, and swelling with rage, he advanced.

The eyes of the curious and delighted crowd were upon him, and five hundred beaming faces anxiously looked up at the intruders, who, delighted with their position, smiled upon the public again.

"Come down," roared X 94.

"Bery nice morning, sir," replied Ching-Ching, politely.

"None of your low cheek—come off the column.

"Wurra for?" asked Ching-Ching.

"Because you ain't got no right to be up there."

"Surely you are mistaken," said Ching-Ching; "dis am a public street, and we hab come to see de Lor' Mary's Show."

"You ain't no right there," roared X 94; "and I'll have you down."

"I think we had better go, Bill," said Eddard.

"Wait a bit," replied Bill; "Mister Ching-Ching ain't done his argyment yet."

"Whar am your right to hab us off?" said Ching-Ching. "Show me your authority from the prime ministlers, who only dis bery morning say to me and de prince Sammy Samson here, who will confirm what I say—only dis morning de prime ministlers say to me, 'If you want a good place, Ching-Ching,

go to de Nelsy Collar in Tafallalla Square.' 'Dat de place,' say I, and den de prime ministlers gib orders for him to be kept quite clear for us, and we come and find him so. If you not believe me, ax Sammy dere."

This address was hailed with joy by the crowd, but X 94 waxed exceedingly wrathful, and made preparations to ascend the column.

"Are you coming down, or are you not?" he asked.

"It all bery well for you to stand dere and talk like dat," returned Ching-Ching, "but if we leabe de Nelsy Collar whar am we to go? Hab you got a grand stand ready, which de prime ministlers promise to hab for us in case we not like dis place?"

"Come down, will you?" roared X 94, boiling over.

"Come on, Bill," whispered the prudent Eddard.

"In a minute," replied Bill.

"The laws of a country must be respected," argued Eddard, who was in a fright indeed. "We ought to get down."

"Keep your seats, genlymen," said Ching-Ching, "until I hab a lilly more talk to dis bery handsome genlyman in de blue suit and lily-white buttons. You hab axed us to come down," he continued, addressing the irate officer, "but afore we do so, show us de happy corpus from de monarch dat rule de land."

"That's it," roared a drunken tinker in the crowd; "show the Chinee gent his happy corpus. Rule Britannia! Three cheers for the people! Now then. One—two—three—hurrah!"

The cheers were heartily given, why or wherefore nobody thought or cared. X 94 seemed to be on the verge of a fit.

"Once more," he said, "are you coming down or not?"

Ching-Ching answered him with that indescribable twist of his foot which used to sorely try Bill Grunt, and X 94 began his ascent.

Eddard, being the nearest to him, was speedily on the move, but X 94 was too active for him, and seizing his wooden leg, jerked him down upon his back on the pavement below.

"Hurra!" cried the crowd, ready and willing to cheer at anything.

The policeman next sought to lay violent hands upon Bill Grunt, but that worthy mariner eluded him and descended in safety. Samson did the same, and only Ching-Ching remained, standing on the top stair—if so we may call it—leaning against the square bronze base of the column.

His coolness and audacity won him many friends, and cries of "Let the Chinaman alone!" But X 94 was deaf and blind to all but his revenge, and made toward him in venomous haste.

Ching-Ching waited until the policeman was within a foot of him, and then suddenly backed behind a corner of the base. X 94 followed, and a very pretty roundabout chase ensued, Ching-Ching keeping ahead with ease.

X 94 was soon blown, and pulled up to rest. Having recovered his breath, he resorted to stratagem, and to the infinite delight of the crowd began to crawl round with the hope of pouncing upon Ching-Ching.

He might as well have hoped to catch the proverbial weazel napping, and it was a delightful thing to see Ching-Ching peeping round one corner and the bobby the other—Ching-Ching calm and confident of success, X 94 blown, savage, and despairing.

While the game was going on, another policeman became aware of it, and with the practised eye of a man accustomed to deal with defiant crowds, took in the position, and selecting his opportunity, ran swiftly up the steps of the column behind Ching-Ching.

"Look out, Chinaman!" roared the people; but the cry came too late. X 94 turned up suddenly in the opposite direction; Ching-Ching swung himself around to avoid him, and came into violent contact with the second officer.

The shock was tremendous, and the policeman was thrown violently upon his back, and his helmet shaken off. It rolled down into the crowd, and disappeared forever from its owner's eyes.

Ching-Ching had not come off without

damage, but he was too hardy to be more than momentarily bewildered. Recovering in a moment, he leaped down, just in time to allow X 94 to fall, in his haste, over his prostrate friend.

A cheer that made the sky ring again hailed this result, and a lane was made for the victorious one to pass through. Knowing that tricks with officials were dangerous here, Ching-Ching turned off down Parliament street, and modestly took up a position in the midst of a crowd around a public-house.

He had lost his friends, and was alone, but that did not daunt him, and as he stood looking easily about him, one would have felt inclined to think that he was tolerably familiar with the place he was in. But that could not be, as we know from his own lips that he was a native of Pekin, and almost a stranger in our civilized part of the globe.

He remained until the pageant came, and cheered it as the others did when it went by. Then he went into a public-house to have a little refreshment, and to wait until the show turned homeward. Without any definite plan, but simply bent upon taking what turned up, he determined to follow it.

CHAPTER XII. *104*

THE WRECK.

The public-house was filled with a noisy crowd, every man and woman drinking and talking, and most of the men smoking. Ching-Ching elbowed his way to the bar, and asked for a little rum and water.

"As much rum and as lilly water as you can gib for threepence, beauful princesh," said Ching-Ching, smiling at the bar-maid.

His words and appearance caught the girl in a moment, and she waited upon him without delay, giving the usual quantity of rum, and holding out her hand for the money.

Ching-Ching pressed a coin into her palm, and murmured, "Ninepence out, beauful princesh."

The girl looked at the coin, and saw that it was a farthing. after a little modest resistance, allowed him to do.

"Oh, you cheat!" she cried, and every eye was turned upon him.

"What de marrer?" asked Ching-Ching, undismayed and unabashed. "Now for de story," said Ching-Ching, as he stirred and tasted the compound—"de story ob my memmygration. At a bery early age I was lef' an orpan——"

"You gave me a farthing and asked for ninepence out." "Left a what?" asked the plumber

"Am dat a farding?" asked Ching-Ching, looking curiously at the coin; "you am sure ob dat? In Pekin we call him a shilling." "An orpan," replied Ching-Ching—"a child wif no parental people to habe de guidance ob him morals, and to fill him wif wittels."

"Ah! but in your country," said the girl, "you haven't any money; and you shouldn't try to cheat." "Oh! I see."

"It take a lot to cheat the cleber English," said Ching-Ching, smiling upon the company generally, and everybody thought how clever they were, and pitied the innocence of this hapless foreigner. "So dis am a farding, de last bit ob proppery I hab lef' in de world." "Dat being so," pursued Ching-Ching, "I am cast on de parish, and was brought up by de oberseer, who cut off de outdoor relief ob my moder——"

"Do you mean to say you can't pay for the rum?" said the girl, angrily. "I thought you was an orphan."

"Take him away," said Ching-Ching, with a melancholy air. "If I had de forcast ob dis hour afore I memmygrate from Pekin, I neber leab my natif land." "Who cut off de relief ob my moder afore I was born, and sent my farder out to break stones, instead of which he only break him heart, and die in de wheelbarrow on de top ob a load ob dirt. Dat oberseer brought me up in de way ob cruelty, and run away wif some ob de public money, and was neber heard ob since. Den de parish send me out wif 'lection bills, and a pot of paste to stick him up wif; but when I meet anoder boy and try to stick de bill on him back dere was a row, and I was expelled from de parish and put on a ship to memmygrate."

"Poor fellow," murmured a dozen voices, and one, in a burst of generosity, came forward and offered to pay for the rum.

"Tank you—tank you," said Ching-Ching sadly; "I tink not—it so bery hard to drink de rum ob charity."

"It ain't charity, it's friendship; drink it up," said the man.

Ching-Ching drank half of it, and, holding the glass in his hand, retired to the back part of the bar with his new-found friend and a few more interested strangers.

"So," said the man, who seemed to be a plumber by the cut of his dress and sweet-smelling savor, "you emigrated here—did you?"

"Yes," said Ching-Ching, "but I am de sole survivor ob de ship." "How old was you then?" asked the plumber.

"Was she wrecked?" "Bout nine," said Ching-Ching.

"She am," said Ching-Ching. "P'raps you like to hear de story." "All right," said the plumber, with a knowing twinkle; "go on."

Ching-Ching saw the look, and smiled within himself. He was a match for the plumber, although he had made a mistake.

"We was two hundred souls in all," he continued, "memmygrants and sailors, and as we lef' de harbor, wif all sails set, de people cheered us, and a lot ob 'em run up de pier so hard dat dey went ober de rails at de top and neber come up again. Dey was so carried away by de 'citement ob de moment."

"So I should think," said the plumber, dryly.

"When we was tree days at sea," continued Ching-Ching, "a storm rose up, and de waves wash away de masts like sticks, and carry away all de sailors and de capen,

leaving de memmygrants to de merciful Missa Edgeax defying de lightning. Genly-deep."

"A nice mess to be in," said one of the listeners; but the plumber—evidently a doubting kind of man—only sniffed.

"De wildest ob confusion followed," said Ching-Ching, after a hasty sip of rum, which emptied his glass for the second time; "de men raved, de women screamed, de lilly children cried and hung on to dere farders' legs, de ship lurch round, and de sea wash ober de poop. De memory ob dat time so afflicting dat I must hab a lilly rum afore I go on. Who do next genlyman on de list ob generosity?"

The next gentleman on the list was a misguided female in a broken bonnet, who had been shedding tears over Ching-Ching's narrative, and wanted to buy him a bottle of rum with four pence. Her hospitality Ching-Ching gallantly and courteously declined, but the misguided one promptly took offence thereat, and offered to fight him. As he declined the combat she scratched a man who had been standing in the corner, interfering with nobody; and a little riot ensuing, the misguided woman was ejected into the street.

This little affair over, Ching-Ching put his glass upon the counter, and said:

"There he am, and if all de English genlymen dat I see round me can bear to see him empty, den dis great nation ain't what he was."

The spirit of nationality was touched by this address, and at least half a dozen volunteered to fill the glass.

Ching-Ching kindly told them to each take their turn, and went on with his story.

"At dat moment," he said, "at de moment ob confusen, a lilly boy might hab been seen to step out from de ranks ob de mad-dened people, wif him face shining wif bravery, just as if he had been washed wif de best brown soap, and in a loud voice he cried: 'Order, dere; sit down in front'—no, not sit down in front—'Order,' he say; 'go down below,' and de people, reglar curled by him majesty ob appearance, went down below; and dat lonely boy, braver dan any man dat eber libed, steered de bark ober de ocean blue, standing at de wheel in de attletood ob

Missa Edgeax defying de lightning. Genlymen, dat boy was me."

To give them time to absorb this startling announcement Ching-Ching drank up his rum, and said:

"Now de nex' genlyman," which was not responded to with the alacrity that one might have expected—the next gentleman being somewhat difficult to settle upon. But at last it was decided, and then it was discovered that the next gentleman was in pecuniary difficulties, inasmuch that he wanted to treat Ching-Ching on credit, a proposal met by the barman with the simple but decisive answer, "Walker."

A richer patron, however, was found, and the glass refilled, Ching-Ching continued:

"All dat night dat brave boy neber lef' de wheel, and early in de morning he see land ahead. Den he call up de people and tell dem to prepare for de worst, as he was a-going ashore, and going to take de ship wif him, but dat, alas! he neber did, for de ship struck on a rock, turned right ober and went down wif ebery soul on board."

"The boy too?" said the plumber, sarcastically.

"De boy too," replied Ching-Ching; "but afore de vessel got to de bottom we dive under and come up a little out ob breaf, but otherwise fresh and brooming as eber. He make f - de shore—he touch de land so hard dat nearly ebery bone in him body was smashed, de wave suck him back agen, up he come agen, anoder smash—all him toes and fingers into de sand—de water decede, and he am safe."

These short and striking sentences were delivered with overpowering dramatic effect, and the listeners—all but the plumber—were considerably impressed, but he proceeded to cross-examine Ching-Ching like a man who had long been waiting for an enemy, and had got him at last.

"So you was wrecked?" he said.

"I was," replied Ching-Ching.

"On a island?"

"On a island, forty-four hundred mile from Pekin," said Ching-Ching. "You can see him on de map if you not believe me, or if you not believe de map, I hab a friend ob de name ob Sammy Samson, 'squire, who swar dat him am dere."

"How long was you on that island?" pursued the plumber.

"Seben years," replied Ching-Ching.

"And when did you come off?"

"Last week."

"Now, look here," said the plumber, in triumph, "you was nine when you was wrecked, you was on the island seven years, and you came off last week. Do you mean to say that you are only sixteen?"

"Dat just my age," returned Ching-Ching, unmoved. "I was sixteen last Tuesday, at ten minutes to eight—Griddles mean time. Sammy Samson, 'squire, who use to dance me on him knee, put down de time in his pocket-book. I wish dat able genlyman was here to confirm me."

"I wish he was," said the doubting one; "your story wants a little buttering."

Ching-Ching made no answer to this, but smiled sadly, as Bruce must have smiled when he told his story of Abyssinia, and nobody believed him. After a brief space of time, however, he was about to speak, when a voice in the next compartment fell upon his ears.

"Two of gin cold."

The voice was harsh and hoarse, but it was undoubtedly familiar.

Ching-Ching looked over the top of the screen and beheld his old friend of Drury Lane Theatre memory—the man with the fur cap—who at the same instant looked up and beheld him.

"Bust me!" he said; "so there you are."

"Ha," said Ching-Ching, "dat you, ole man? How am de missus?"

How did Ching-Ching know that he had a missus—an unfortunate woman, whom the brute had that morning been hammering viciously.

Fur-cap drank up his gin and water, and came round to have it out.

But Ching-Ching was gone, because he had no wish to quarrel with anybody that day, and the fur-capped gentleman was foiled again, but he vowed a bitter vow that sooner or later he would personally lay bare an essential portion of Ching-Ching's anatomy, known by the name of liver. Little did he dream what his rashness would lead him into.

CHAPTER XIII. / 65

APPROACH OF THE TRIAL.

Ching-Ching saw the Lord Mayor safe to the Guildhall, and nearly succeeded in getting a dinner, as he followed close behind a party of swells, and was taken for a foreign ambassador of distinction; but on his saying that any seat would do for him, he was asked for his card of invitation, and not having one, was led to the door and warned off.

After this he took up a position in front of the crowd, and gave all arrivals an affable greeting; but even this was cut short by the police, who moved him on, and then, thinking that he ought to go home, he got upon the back of a cab going westward, and was conveyed gratis nearly to his own door.

Mrs. Mant let him in, and expressed her joy at seeing him, for Eddard and the rest had long been home, and had given vent to dismal forebodings as to Ching-Ching's fate.

"And the handsome gentleman is upstairs, too," said Mrs. Mant, "and I am sure he is as anxious as anybody."

"And bery kind it am ob him," replied Ching-Ching, who knew that Handsome Harry was referred to. "Oh, you lubly creature, you sweet Ottamy—one, only one, my angel. What am dere for supper?"

"You are an impertinent rogue," said Mrs. Mant, putting her cap right, "to kiss an old woman like me."

"Old — old!" exclaimed Ching-Ching. "Whar shall we go for de young and sraphic? Oh, you Ottamy of Ottamy Roses, gib me anudder."

"I won't," said Mrs. Mant—"not after you have kissed my gal."

"Me kiss dat girl! When did I do it?"

"Yesterday. I saw you do it."

"Den I was walking in my sleep," said Ching-Ching, "for it not posserble for me to do dat wif you in de same street."

"Go along," said Mrs. Mant; "they are waiting for you upstairs."

Ching-Ching made a feint as if he was going to kiss the old woman, and then hurried up to the sitting-room, where he found Handsome Harry talking to Samson, Eddard, and Bill Grunt.

"How do you do?" he said.

"Missa Harry," returned Ching-Ching, "welcome to dis humble home."

"Of course," said Harry, laughing; "where have you been?"

"Wif de Lor' Mary and de prime minis-
ters," replied Ching-Ching.

"Old friends, I dare say."

"Missa Harry, dey was most ob dem de
frens ob my youf and de——"

"Yes, I know all about that, Ching-Ching; go but one way. I have come to tell you about the trial."

"Yes, Missa Harry."

"It comes on this day week at the Old
Bailey."

"Berry 'spectable place am de Old Belly,"
said Ching-Ching.

"That's a matter of opinion," said Harry.

"My farder——" began Ching-Ching, and then for the first time he felt that he had got his paternal parent into a false position, and paused. "My farder," he added, "neber was dere."

"I thought you were going to say that he was," said Harry, dryly. "He has been in most places, I believe."

"Yes, Missa Harry."

"And I must stand there too," continued our hero, bitterly; "but what matters? Now, I want you to listen to me, Ching-Ching."

"Yes, Missa Harry."

"You will be called as a witness in my favor, and I want you, if you can, to tell the simple truth. If you cannot, stay away."

"Missa Harry, I swar dat—I swar to any-
ting——"

"Eh?"

"To anyting dat am true, for your sake."

"That is right," said Harry, "and be care-
ful not to bring in your father, mother, sister,
brother, cousin, uncle, or aunt, as anything
that they may have said will not be received
as evidence."

"Yes, Missa Harry."

"Samson will be called as a witness, too,
but I know I can rely on him, as I can on
you, Grunt. Mr. Cutten——"

"Yes, sir," said Eddard, very stiff and very
upright in a moment.

"You will be called, too, and I trust you
will not allow the cross-examination of the
prosecution counsel to bully you out of the
truth."

"Mister Henery," said Eddard, who felt
that the occasion demanded a respectful title,
"there are some as make great purfessions
and some as makes none. I don't say as to
which I belongs, but when the time comes
you will see who is first and foremost."

"I hope I shall, Cutten," said Harry, "and
whichever way it goes with me, those who
are true to my cause will not lack a reward."

"Oh, Massa Harry," said Samson, "it can't
go but one way."

"No knowing, Samson," returned Harry,
cheerfully; "at the most they can but hang
me. If they do that——"

"Oh, no, Massa Harry."

"Better that than linger in a prison all my
life."

"Linger in de prison," said Ching-Ching;
"dat a good idea when we am outside. Oh!
no, Missa Harry, dat not posserble any more
dan it was posserble for dem to keep my
moder's garden a prisoner."

"Your mother's garden? How could they
keep that?"

"He was de genlyman as brought her up,
bof her farder and moder habing died at an
early age ob de hooping-cough."

"Oh! Your mother's guardian. I under-
stand you now."

"Dere neber was a nobler genlyman," pur-
sued Ching-Ching; "or a man more ready
and willing to stand treat, when he had
change for sixpence 'bout him, but dere was
times when he hadn't dat change, and dat
was how he got into trouble."

"I am sorry I cannot stay to listen to your
doubtless very interesting story," said Harry,
rising and looking at his watch; "but I have
friends expecting me—good-by—and do not
forget to be at the court early, as you may be
wanted."

When he was gone, Bill Grunt asked
Ching-Ching to finish the narrative he had
begun, but Ching-Ching sighed, and shook
his head, saying that it was too much for
him after the fatigues of the day. On being
pressed, however, he relented, and continued
his story.

"It was de pursuit ob my moder's garden,"
he said, "to go 'bout and look for change,
and he did it in dis way. A man enter a
public-house—my moder's garden do so too
—de man ax for a glass ob beer—my moder's

garden do so too—de man put down a shilling—my moder's garden abstain from doing that—de bar-maid put de change on de counter—and my moder's garden take it up. 'Dat my change,' say de man. My moder's garden look at him scornful, and say dat it am his. De highest ob words follow, and if de bar-maid was not in de position to gib ebidence, de words ob my moder's garden was as good as de man's, and he kept de tenpence."

"But didn't some people pitch into him?" asked Bill Grunt.

"Dere am some men brutal enuf for anything," replied Ching-Ching; "and de way dat poor harmless ole man used to get knock about at times was a disgrash to de country. But de p'lice was neber dere when wanted."

"Perhaps it was a good job for him," said Eddard, bent upon making a joke.

"How?" asked Ching-Ching.

"Well, you see as how he'd got the party's tenpence——"

"Which party's?" asked Ching-Ching.

"Him as put down the shilling you spoke of."

"But am you sure as it was his shilling?" asked Ching-Ching.

"Well," said Eddard, "I can only go by what you say yourself. You said——"

"I said dat dere was a dispute, and dat de word ob my moder's garden was as good as de oder man's."

"But it wasn't."

"How know you dat?"

"By what you say."

"But I said dat it was as good. Now Sammy, stand up and swar to dat."

"I swar to dat," replied Samson, really and truly in a position to bear witness at last.

"Eber to de fore in de time ob trouble," murmured Ching-Ching; "faiful Sammy. Now, Missa Cutten, you see dat you am in de wrong, just as de judge and de judy was dat had him up at de Ole Belly, and incasheratled him into prison, whar he died, belubbed by all, from de gubenor ob de jail to de man dat serb out him dose of oakum."

"Still, you know," argued Bill Grunt, "if he took the party's tenpence, and hadn't no right to it, the law was bound to go ag'in him, and what was the jury to do?"

"What was dey to do?" cried Ching-Ching.

"Why, ebery man ob dat judy ought to hab had him Magging Chaffer, and to hab defied de judge, and carried out on dere shoulders de poor ole man, who was de wictim ob a lilly weakness for oder people's change. But dey didn't, and he died in him lonely cell, in de effort to make up a comforble bed wif de short rug and de half blanket which de Government allow him. But he was a brave man to de last, and de 'specting officer, who fell ober him prostrate corpse de nex' morning, said in his ebidence dat de poor ole man had a lubly smile on him face like a lilly infant, and de coroner drop a lilly tear to de mem'ry ob dat wictim of persecution. All dis de judy might hab stopped wif de Magging Chaffer, but dey didn't, and it am not de ting to tink ob now, for nex' week Missa Harry will come afore de judge and judy at de Ole Belly, and we must sabe him."

[THE END.]

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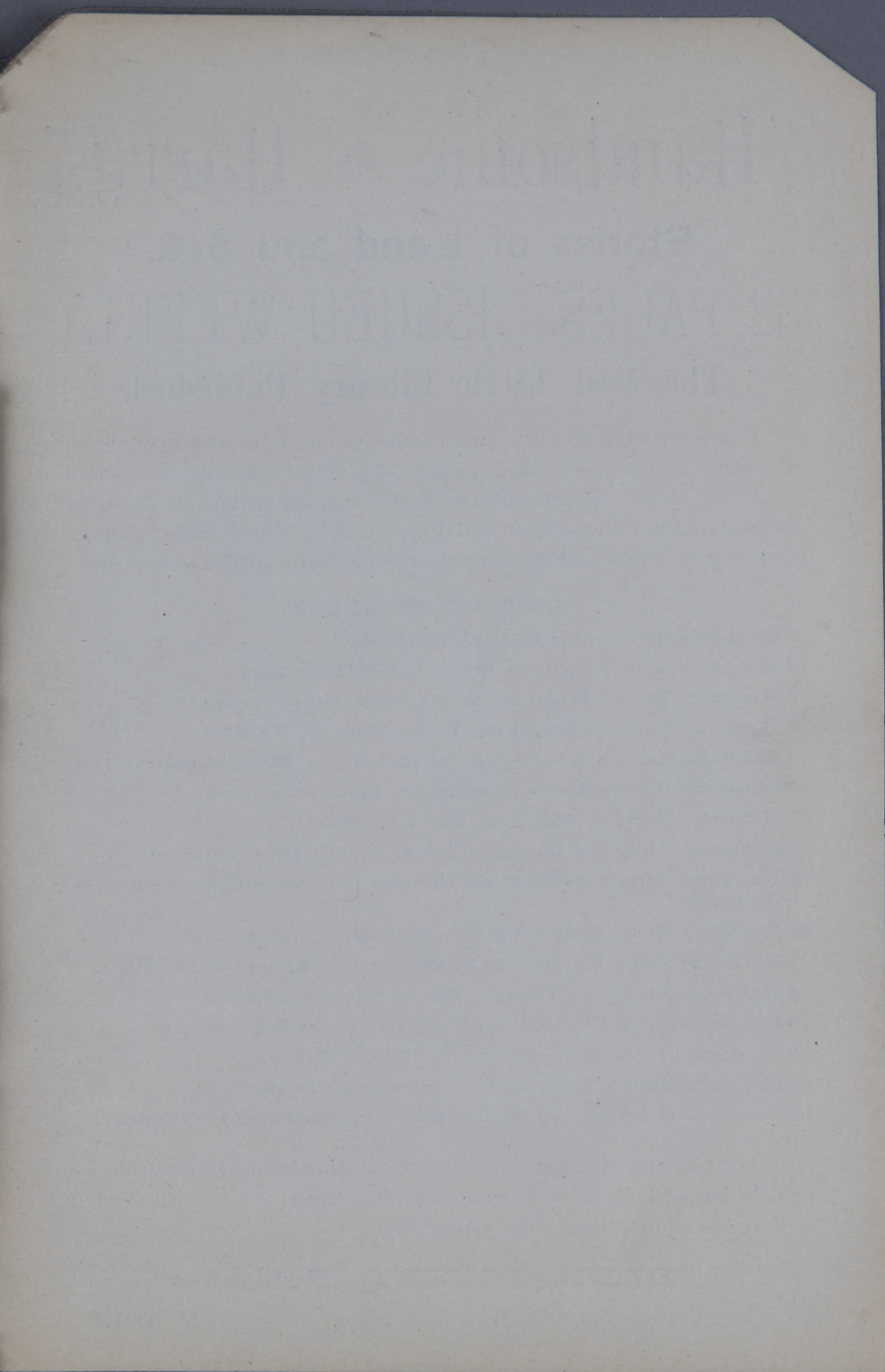
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